

LIBERTY ADVOCATE.

WHEN POWERS ARE ASSUMED WHICH HAVE NOT BEEN DELEGATED, A NULLIFICATION OF THE ACT IS THE RIGHTFUL REMEDY.—Jefferson.

GRAVES & SMILEY, Editors.

LIBERTY, (ML.) SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1838.

VOL. 3.—NO. 24.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED, WEEKLY,
BY A. W. FORSYTHE.

TERMS.—Four Dollars and Fifty cents in advance, Five Dollars if paid within six months, and Five Dollars and Fifty cents at the expiration of the year. No subscription will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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THE PRAYER ON THE HEART.

BY HORATIO HALE.

"Neither are there any hearts so utterly evil and depraved, that a cunning seeker will not find therein many good and lovely affections; even as a master, from a poor and broken instrument, doth draw forth the much sweeter music."

(Sir Thomas Browne.)

I cannot wake the breathing flute;
The lyre and harp are dumb to me;
I cannot touch the lover's lute,
Nor rouse its speaking melody.
Mute, mute for me the lofty roll
That fair Cecilia taught to swell;
But there's a sympathy of soul,
And I can wake it passing well.
The merest child in Orphean quill
Can better strike Doric quill;
But I can play upon the heart,
And touch its chords with magic skill.

A truant boy his task forsook,
And loitered in the vale down;
I found him idle by the brook,
And warned him of his father's frown.
Oh, clouded was his laughing eye—
He sat him down and wept the while;
I bent to cheer the sobbing boy,
And whispered of his mother's smile:
And lo! the sudden clouds depart,
And lightly bounds he from the rill;
For I can play upon the heart,
And touch its chords with magic skill.

A soldier, in still hushed—
I broke his dreams, and whispered "Fame!"
Forth to the battle-field he rushed,
To write in blood a deathless name.
An infant, on its mother's breast,
He sought to slay in fury wild;
The madman's arm a word repressed—
A single name—his own dear child!
It woke his spirit's gentler part,
And Mercy spake—the storm was still;
For I can play upon the heart,
And touch its chords with magic skill.

A dying man, with failing breath,
Abode his hour. I entered in,
And held before the eye of death
The long account of crime and sin.
Wild grew that eye, in dark despair,
And paler waxed that pallid cheek;
I taught him then, with fervent prayer,
A Saviour's pardoning love to seek.
Oh, welcome now the deadly dart—
The Christian soul it could not kill;
So I can play upon the heart,
And touch its chords with magic skill.

I wooed a maiden in her bower,
And lowly knelt, and proffered gold;
"Oh, wealth may purchase pomp and power—
A faithful heart can ne'er be sold."
I knelt me at her feet again,
And pleaded love, and only love;
The heart that scorned a gilded chain,
Affection's lightest breath could move.
I saw the pitying tear-drop start—
I felt her bosom's passing thrill;
Oh, I can play upon the heart,
And touch its chords with magic skill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Commercial Herald.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

Marietta—its situation—Blancherhasset's Island—Connection with Burr—Anecdote of his wife, &c.

We doubled the bend which the Ohio makes at Marietta, late in the afternoon, but with sufficient light to get a good glimpse of the town. Being prevented by the low stage of water from making a landing at the foot of the bluff, we run up a longside of a floating wharf, moored on the edge of the channel. While the steamer was shipping some goods, a few of us started in the yall for shore, and found time for a stroll through the principal part of the town; Marietta is a beautiful place, both as to its location, its plan of arrangement, and its public and private structures. The streets are broad and regular, and the pavements are edged with long lines of trees, whose thick, green foliage gives a cool and refreshing aspect to the town, as seen from the river. The elevated bluff, on which the town is built, commands a fine view of the broad bay, into which the Ohio expands as it sweeps round before the town. The river contracts again below Marietta, and is seen for many miles pursuing a devious course between the forests which encompass it, until it disappears from the sight by one of those sharp curves, which characterize its course. The Muskingum pours its tribu-

tary into the Ohio at this place. It rushes into the Ohio with great violence, pushing its course with much turbulence against the downward current of the sovereign stream, and hurling logs and trees into the Ohio, something after the boisterous manner of the Missouri, as it enters the Mississippi.

Marietta is one of the oldest towns in Ohio, being settled as far back as 1787, under the auspices of General Putnam. It enjoys a good location for trade, having access to a rich back country by the Muskingum, and to the southern and northern marts by the Ohio. It has progressed slowly, but is now in an improving state. It has six churches, a manual labor college, a female college, a female academy, two newspaper establishments, a number of foundries, steam mills, and engine shops, and about forty stores. The population is about 2800. It has the reputation of having a very refined and moral society, exemplary evidences of which are seen in its elegant churches, its large public library, and the taste and beauty of its private dwellings.

A few miles below Marietta we passed Blancherhasset's Island. We run under the lee of it, some distance, but the thick wood on the river obstruct any view of the interior. We saw no traces of the beautiful mansion of Blancherhasset, except a chimney at the north end of the island, which is all that escaped the fire in which the dwelling was consumed. I learn, however, that the shrubbery still lives on the island, which was planted by Blancherhasset, and that many of the walks he laid out are yet open. Blancherhasset was one of the Irish patriots who was compelled to flee from Ireland after their attempt to liberate that country from the thralldom of England. He was possessed of a large amount of property, the greater part of which he was fortunate enough to render available in money before his departure.

Disgusted with the corruption of courts, and the turmoils of political life, he sought retirement in the western wilderness, on a beautiful island in the Ohio, then on the borders of civilization. He built a princely mansion on it, and embellished it in the most costly manner. Situated on the borders of Virginia, Kentucky, and Ohio, he had access to a very refined and polite society, with which it was his custom to constantly intermingle, and interchange civilities. His hospitality was unbounded, and dealt out as it was, by his own chivalric courtesy and the grace of his beautiful wife, his island became the place of general visit for all the country around; and is even yet celebrated for the splendid revelries of which it was the scene. Blancherhasset was a fine sample of the polished Irish gentleman, and rendered himself a very affectionate object of regard by the amenity of his manners and disposition.

His lady was a woman of rare beauty and accomplishments, which were much heightened by a pure and unimpeachable character. She reigned the Queen of the beautiful kingdom of taste and refinement, which Blancherhasset had created on the Ohio, and, according to contemporary accounts, she departed herself with a grace and dignity that might well have become a throne. She was a woman of high spirit and ambition, and when Burr, aware of her commanding influence over her husband, confidently entrusted with her his plans of Mexican dominion, she was fired at the boldness and intrepidity of his enterprise, and immediately determined to engage her husband as a confederate. Blancherhasset was a man of ductile temper, and was easily induced, by the dazzling representation of prospective glory and honor, which his ambitious wife set before him, to become a participator with Burr. He was moreover a liberalist, of the French school, of which Burr was well aware. The gorgeous representation which Burr held up to him of Mexico, deemed from tyranny, by their united efforts, fired his soul, and he entered with enthusiasm into what he believed an honorable and humane undertaking.

When once pledged to Burr, under the mastering genius of his wife, he actively engaged in enlisting men, building boats and preparing the essentials of the expedition. Many of the most respectable citizens of the neighboring country were connected with the affair, and all deluded in the same manner as Blancherhasset. The entertainments on the island were broken up, and its shores at night echoed only to the muffled oar of the conspirators, as they crossed from the adjacent bank, or to the silent tramp of bold adventurers, as they congregated on the beach to resolve and discuss their plans of Mexican redemption. A large number of flat boats had been built on the Muskingum, and sent over to the island, and every thing was ripe for embarkation, when the plot was discovered to the civil authorities by one of the accomplices. Blancherhasset was instantly deserted by his followers, and left alone to brunt the storm.

Timothy Buel, commander of the militia, with a small detachment, went over to

arrest Blancherhasset. He had hardly set foot on the island before he was met by Mrs. Blancherhasset, whose courage and spirit seemed to rise with the increasing desperation of her fortunes. She had seen the party coming, and snatching up a pair of her husband's brass pistols, she ran from the house to meet them. Just as the militia major stepped out of the boat, she seized him by the shoulder, and thrusting him back, presented two formidable pistols full in his face, cocked and primed, commanding him in the most positive tone not to advance, "one step forward, and I shall send you into eternity—it is easier for me to do than say it," were her words, according to my narrator, who was one of the party. Her splendid figure, drawn up to its full height, her eyes fixed with a stern and determined gaze, her hands clenching firmly the pistols, which she held out at arms length, told the militia major, in language not to be mistaken, the terms on which he might advance. The old fellow quailed and trembled before the courageous woman, and was forced to return without his victim.

Blancherhasset made his escape, and is now living with his wife in poverty in France. He brought over to this country a large amount of money, part of which he invested in his island, but much the greatest part he loaned out to individuals, living in the vicinity. Being forced to flee, without delay, from this country, to escape the indictments levied against him, he had no time to collect his debts. He left large amounts in the hands of individuals who have never returned a cent.

Many men near Marietta have grown rich on money borrowed of, but never repaid to Blancherhasset. Would it not be an object of humanity and charity for Blancherhasset's debtor's, now that they are made wealthy by his liberality, in this day of destitution and distress, to refund his money, and to raise him up from the want and wretchedness in which he is plunged, to comfortable independence.

A WOMAN HUSBAND.—A few days ago, a respectable female waited upon an attorney in this town, and asked his advice in a case of a very peculiar nature. It seems that her husband, a master bricklayer, who had been in the habit of trusting her implicitly in his business, even leaving to her management the book-keeping requisite in his trade, had of late, for some cause or other, refused to allow her the usual weekly sum for housekeeping. Having, also, in other respects treated her, as she conceived, in an unkind manner, she came to take advice as she should proceed, under the circumstances, against her husband, whom to the no small astonishment of the professional gentlemen she was then consulting, she declared to be not a man, but a woman. Legal investigation of the affair was made at the police office, which resulted in the separation of the unnatural paired couple. From what could be gleaned of the history of this female husband, it would seem that she assumed the garb and character of a boy at an early age, and that, in that character, she was apprenticed, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, to a master builder, in one of the large towns of Yorkshire.

Being of good exterior, with prepossessing appearance and manners, and of features rather handsome, the supposed young man attracted the attention of many females in the same condition of life and amongst others was the one who afterwards became the wife. The attentions of the young bricklayer were acceptable and accepted, and the union took place shortly after the expiration of the apprenticeship. Soon afterwards, this couple came to Manchester, where they were, about the year 1829, where the husband commenced the business of a builder, and, by considerable skill, ability and attention to business, she was tolerably successful. She was for many years a special constable, in the 13th division of that body, acting for where the services of the division were required, as at elections, orange processions, and meetings of trades' unions, turn-outs, &c. &c.; so far from absents her self from what, as in the case of well grounded apprehensions of a riot, must have been, to a woman, a post of some unpleasantness, she is remembered to have been one of the most punctual in attendance, and the most forward volunteer in actual duty in that division.

We understand that she is no longer a special constable, because she did not, on the last annual session, held for that purpose at the New Bailey, present herself to be re-sworn. She was not discharged; and there was no complaint against her; and probably the extension of her own business was her only motive for not resuming the duties of this office. Altogether, this is by far the most singular case of the kind which has ever reached our knowledge. The celebrated Chevalier D'Eon was not married; and James Davis, (so called,) the discovery of whose sex took place only after death, had not been married for so long a period as the woman whose case is now under notice. There, too, the dis-

covery was made too late to obtain from the party herself any clue to the motives which led her to so unfeminine a course of deception; but here both parties to the supposed marriage are alive, and the one who assumed the male sex is still alive to give, if she chooses, the true history of her reasons or fancy for laying aside the garb of her own, and assuming the appearance, and undertaking the toil of the other sex, which would certainly be a very curious chapter of biography.—Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.

A PILGRIM.—Among the passengers in the Susquehanna, recently arrived at this port, was Miss Harriet Livermore, who will be recollected by most of our readers as a zealous preacher. This lady, about two years since, left Philadelphia to go to Jerusalem. She went, tarrying a short time at London, touching at Gibraltar, Malta, and the intermediate places, and abode for some time in the Holy City, sitting in the sepulchre "where the Lord was laid," wandering in the valley of Jehoshaphat, climbing the Mount of Olives, fording Kedron, lingering in Gethsemane, and journeying round places consecrated to Christian sympathies and biblical reminiscences.

Where David sung and Jeremiah wept.

This lone woman, of delicate health, made all this journey without a male protector. She sojourned in a Catholic convent while in Jerusalem, and was kindly entertained. She was, when near the Levant, amid those dying with the plague, and once in a place agitated by a tremendous earthquake. The object of Miss Livermore's visit to Jerusalem, was to obtain evidence to prove that the Indians were the ten lost tribes of Israel. We have, for our good wishes to the pilgrim, received not any consecrated relic, but a pomegranate taken from the garden of Gethsemane.—[N. Y. Spectator.]

GIBRALTAR, from its peculiar situation, is an object of great interest to the traveler, and fully deserves all the encomiums passed upon it by visitors. It rises near 1400 feet above the level of the sea, and lies at the extreme borders of the Andalusia. The town of Gibraltar contains near 15,000 inhabitants, and is prettily placed on the base of the great rock, which is artificially fitted for its site. It is placed upon the northwest side of the Promontory, and is well defended by the batteries above. Nature has done much for its defence, and from each nook in the sides of this gloomy monster, you perceive the muzzle of a cannon. Four hundred guns are mounted upon the rock, and it is certainly impregnable. The houses are largely constructed; flat roofs, and large bow windows, are their striking characteristics, though the dull and "envious" yellow of the walls (they cover the buildings with ochre) bring the influence of the morning sun but too powerfully upon them; and Gibraltar, from this cause, has the appearance through the day, of "a city of the dead." Of course, I will except its business street, which traverses the town and is bordered by stores which are filled with merchandise of every kind. You find in your perambulations, people of all countries, from British soldiers to Moors and Jews.—[A Traveller.]

SPLENDID CURIOSITIES.—The U. S. Frigate Constitution, Com. Elliott, was at Malta at the last accounts, having on board a large collection of very curious antiquities taken from the classic grounds of Marathon, Troy, Athens, Corinth, Sunium, and also from the Holy Land, Balbec and Egypt. The most curious articles in the collection are two sarcophagi of white marble in one piece, the smaller one bearing the inscription of "Julia Mamaena Augusta," who was the mother of Alexander Severus, Emperor in the year 222 of the Christian Era. These antiquities were discovered sixteen feet deep in the soil, by a peasant who was digging to set out a mulberry tree. The Commodore purchased them, and caused them to be transported on board the frigate from a height of 600 feet above the sea. Five hundred of the crew joined their efforts to carry these masses a distance of a mile and a half.—[Picayune.]

DIABLER.—There is an amusing and ingenious article in a late number of Bentley, entitled "The Temptations of St. Anthony." The conclusion of the whole matter is contained in the final stanzas:

There are many devils that walk this world—
Devils large and devils small;
Devils so meagre and devils so stout,
Devils with horns and devils without;
Sly devils that go with their tails upcurled,
Bold devils that carry them quite unfurled;
Meek devils and devils that brawl—
Meek devils and laughing devils,
Imps for churches and imps for revels;
Devils uncouth, and devils polite,
Devils black and devils white;
Devils foolish, and devils wise,
But a laughing woman with two bright eyes,
Is the worst devil of all.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY IN TROUBLE.—A resolution was passed on the 3rd April, by Congress, calling upon the President for information relative to the introduction of foreign paupers. Some days previous to the 24th ult., reports on the subject from the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury were transmitted with a message from the President. The whole budget was ordered to be printed, as usual, without reading.—They came up for consideration before the House, on the 24th ult., when they were found to contain matter that occasioned considerable excitement among the members. We derive the particulars from the Baltimore Patriot.—Nat. Cour.

"The Secretary of the Treasury has thought proper to communicate not only letters received at the department from our Consuls in different foreign ports, and from the Mayor of the city of Baltimore, but also two extracts from a newspaper published in the city of N. York, called the Truth Teller, both under date of June 24th, 1837. One of these is headed 'Alien Passengers—The New Common Council—Dastardly Conduct'—and abounds with the coarsest vituperation of Mr. CLARK, the Mayor, and Messrs. Bruce, Patterson and Merritt, members of the Common Council. The other, (of similar character,) is a letter addressed to Mr. Clark, and signed 'Patrick Henry.'"

As soon as the Journal was read this morning, Mr. Hoffman rose, and drew the attention of the House to this extraordinary communication. Instead of presenting only the information required, the President's message (he said) was accompanied with extracts from a paper of a most violent partisan character, containing libellous aspersions of the character of the Mayor and several members of the Common Council, all of them citizens held in the highest respect and estimation.

These ephemeral ebullitions of malignity have been rescued from the obscurity which would have been their destiny, and received the seal of the Executive's approbation, and presented here to be recorded with the proceedings of this House!"

Much feeling prevailed and two or three ineffectual motions were made. All parties concurred in condemning the procedure.

On the 25th, the correspondent of the Patriot writes—

"President VAN BUREN has taken the earliest opportunity to disavow all knowledge of the objectionable papers which were communicated from the Treasury Department along with his message in relation to Foreign Paupers, and it gives me pleasure to say that he is entirely exonerated from blame in the proceeding. The whole fault lies upon Mr. Woodbury."

I am informed that when Mr. VAN BUREN was informed of the character of the articles which had been communicated, he appeared exceedingly mortified, and immediately gave Mr. Woodbury to know, that he must explain how they came to be sent, and declared he would never transmit to Congress, any paper from that Department without having every part of it read to him.

Immediately after the journal was read this morning, the President's son appeared at the bar, with a Message, transmitting the explanation of the Secretary.

The message, it gives me pleasure to say, is honorable to Mr. Van Buren as a gentleman. He says that if he had been aware of the character of the objectionable extracts, they should not have been communicated; and asks leave to withdraw them.

The Secretary's explanation, however, is far from satisfactory. The substance of his apology is that these offensive articles were sent by persons who took an interest in the subject, and were placed on the files of the Department with other papers in relation to foreign paupers; and that when the call was made for the information, all the papers on the files were communicated. The Secretary does not cast a single word of disapprobation upon them, but refers to them rather in an extenuating manner.

Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Sibley and Mr. Menifee assailed in strong terms the conduct of the Secretary, in ordering these libellous extracts to be filed in the Treasury Department.

Mr. Harlan, of Kentucky, demonstrated that Mr. Woodbury was perfectly aware of the character of the extracts, by presenting the original number of the New York "Truth Teller," with the following endorsement in Mr. Woodbury's own hand writing! "Let Mr. Rodman file this with papers as to importation of paupers?"

I will say more of this business in my next. The Select Committee have been discharged from the consideration of these libellous papers. They have been taken from the files of the house—and returned to the President. The clerk will procure a reprint of the documents relative to foreign paupers—excluding the "Truth Teller's" paragraphs. But the very proceeding which stamps upon the articles in question the mark of censure, gives the